

Norma Jean, Throw Your Hat In First

Yeah baby I got your letter I knew you're right
I knew you wanna come home to me some cold and lonely night
You say you'll be a good boy if I'll just hold you tight
But I'm torn between one that kiss your lips and shootin' you dead on side
So you better throw your hat in first when you come home
Give me time to stomp the floor and scream and curse
Then if I don't throw without bout a count to ten
Come on in and lave me baby but throw your hat in first
(steel - fiddle)
Yeah baby I've thought about you ten thousand times
Cried for you till I was sure I'd lost my fever mind
But love and hate are seperated by such a tender line
It's hard to tell when you get home just what you're gonna find
So you better throw your hat...
Come on in and lave me baby but throw your hat in first